

**I Lift My Feet Up
To Take A Step
(I'm Ready Now)**

Tortellini

I Lift My Feet Up To Take A Step (I'm Ready Now) by Tortellini

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Summary:

(Commission Fic) (Title from "I made a promise to the moon" by Jason Webley)

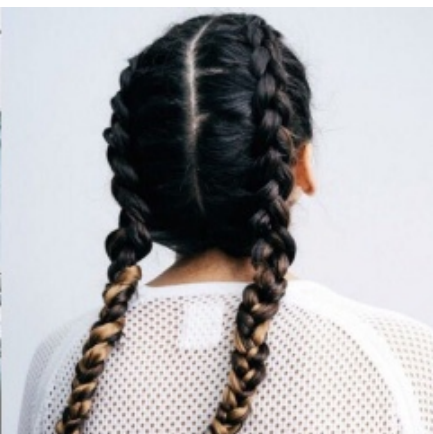
Lark is an outsider--in her foster family, in her school, and with her handful of friends. She has issues that hardly anyone can understand, even if they mean well and they try. But Richie Tozier is different. He knows what it's like to be an outsider too. Sometimes she wishes he didn't though. Because that just means they both know how hard it is to feel like you matter. But...maybe they could help each other learn that themselves?

Oneshot

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Author's Note:

- For [Up_Until_3am.](#)



Lark can close her eyes and still see her mother. That's not a good thing though. For others it might be, but not for her. Not when her

earliest memories are riddled with drugs and neglect and everything else bad. Everything that you shouldn't associate your parents with. Try as she might, and as others around her did too, she couldn't get those images out of her head.

But it didn't help that people in general thought bad things about her. Lark tried so hard to make people realize that she wasn't her parents. She wasn't a crack baby. She wasn't a freak because she was in foster care. She wasn't a wetback because she looked hispanic.

Some people--i.e., bullies like Henry Bowers--couldn't get that through their thick skulls.

It was fall of 1989, and whoever had created seventh grade didn't take into account just how much it'd suck to have a bunch of kids together for six hours a day. If they were all kids like Lark--kids who were nice and meant well, that was--then it'd be different. But they weren't. Not by a long shot. Luckily school had just let out. Right now there was nothing that she wanted to do than just go home.

Even though 'home' wasn't actually home, not really. Not when you lived in foster care and could just as easily be sent away.

At school she couldn't say she didn't have any friends at all though. There were a couple kids she was close to. Sometimes Lark would stop and talk to a girl named Beverly Marsh in the hallways between classes. People would say she was a slut, and it didn't do much for Lark's own reputation to talk to her. But then again what did she even have in the first place? Having friends mattered a lot more.

So before she started to walk home, Lark looked around for Beverly. She couldn't find her though. It'd be a long walk too, since her foster home was on the edge of town. She just hoped that she didn't run into anyone while she was out. Shouldering her backpack onto her shoulders more, she sighed, and then just kept on going.

Lark was lost in her thoughts as she walked, and she hated it. The wind whipped her braids around her face, stung her cheeks, made little strands of hair come out and tickle her forehead. The sky was grey and darkening: from rain, she guessed, since it was still too early

to be night. There were puddles of icy water on the ground that she avoided the best she could. Not even the squirrels were out. The boys that sometimes rode their bikes around town had gotten picked up since it was cold. She shivered. The trees around her shivered too.

A puddle caught her eye then though, and despite herself, Lark had to stop.

It hurts her, to see her reflection. Like this, like with a mirror, or like in anything else. Because every time she looks at herself she could still her mother. Lark's eyes were dark, but they weren't so sunken in. Even though sometimes she was hungry. Her hair was long, but it wasn't brittle from addiction like her mom's was. Seeing it so suddenly like this took her breath away--Lark stumbled back and gagged, reaching up on instinct to touch her face, see if her fear had really been real this time--

And then she had a heart attack when two hands grabbed her shoulders.

Immediately, Lark's mind jumped to the worst. She wasn't a stranger to being picked on, but something happening out here with no one around scared her. She struggled, like her life depended on it, and maybe it did. But that didn't matter because whoever had her wasn't letting go anytime soon.

"--ey, hey, stop it! Jesus fucking Christ, you're gonna punch me by accident or something."

It wasn't Henry Bowers or some other bully, she realized with a jolt. It wasn't anyone who wanted to do her wrong. The boy who stood behind her just then was dorky looking, not intimidating: he had messy curls and too-big glasses held together with nothing but tape. The kind that made his eyes look huge. A smattering of freckles colored his pale cheeks. It was weird to see Richie Tozier of all people look concerned. Lark was much more used to him acting like an asshole.

"I was walking home when I saw you staring at the ground," he said then when he saw the look she was giving him. His eyes twinkled a little. "So like the fucking gentleman I am, I thought I'd stop to make

sure everything was all right." He paused then, bit chapped lips, and her heart melted a little. It was sweet that he cared. "Um, so is everything all right?"

There was a lot Lark could've said. Should've said. Because Richie who missed school sometimes so his mom didn't choke on her own vomit, or when he did come he smelled like booze and had black bags under his eyes--he of all people would understand. All she had to do was open her mouth.

Instead she hugged him. Her weight crumbled into him, and for once goddamn Trashmouth Tozier didn't say anything. He understood that much, that she needed a hug. She needed more, they both did, but for now this would have to do. It was all he had to give.

"...everything's fine," she lied, and when she pulled away, she was smiling.

"Okay, I believe you," he lied back. Try as he might though, Richie didn't allow himself to smile back.

Maybe someday things would be different. Maybe someday they'd be able to help each other.

Author's Note:

If you'd like to request something (fandom, pairing/characters, smut/fluff, any other details); commission requests can be commented or sent to furfsh51@aol.com ; and any questions, feel free to send me a message too! Payments will be sent [here](#) for only \$3, and will be arranged after I know the request.